SOME POLITICAL HISTORY.

EARLY DISCUSSIONS IN THE UNITED STATES. THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

1783-1789. By John Fiske. 12mo. pp. 368. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. In this volume Mr. Fiske gives the substance of course of lectures delivered between 1884 and 1886. "In its present shape," he says, "it may serve as a sketch of the political history of the United States from the end of the Revolutionary War to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. The period treated was certainly critical. With ose of the Revolutionary War the union of the States began to be threatened by a concurrence of disintegrating influences. The Conti-nental Congress had never possessed much power, t had never been able to meet the expenses the war or to supply the necessary troops or to impose its authority upon the confederated colo-Its credit went to nothing. The army, unpaid, half-starved and treated with ungenerous spicion, was on the verge of mutiny. that danger was overcome, chiefly by the vigilance and influence of Washington and Greene, the oosely and imperfectly allied States began to quarrel with one another, to legislate against one another, to foster local interests at the expense of their neighbors, and generally to contemn the advice and the directions of the Congress. All manner of internal dissensions sprang up and grew constantly more threatening. The spirit of State's Rights became so rampant and aggressive hat the prospect of a closer union at one time appeared almost hopeless, so strong was the oposition to centralization. The European Powers, finding the United State

unable to carry out its treaty provisions in regard to the stoppage of Tory persecution and the payment of private debts to British subjects, naturally sought to take advantage of this weak ness, and ceased to put confidence in the stability of the Republic. During these five years, it repeatedly appeared that the old experience was to d, and the new American Power to go the way of so many antecedent State experiments. The pressure of the war debt had, in fact, created a kind of desperate recklessness among the American people, and to many of them it seemed that only recourse lay in repudiation and a completaly new departure. The same spirit of independence which had thrown off the English yoke now, pushed beyond reason by the sufferings of the long struggle, threatened to rise in resistance against all authority. An alarming disposition to evade public obligations appeared. The general conscience was singularly torpid. Even the bonds of common interest which had united the thirteen celonies against Great Britain failed to prevent ercial and fiscal contests between the States, which, if persisted in, must soon have engendered ivil war. In Massachusetts the so-called Shay's Rebellion did actually introduce civil war, and the general drift toward anarchy was so swift as thoroughly to alarm the clearest sighted and most patriotic citizens everywhere.

The ignorant attempts to experiment with new circulating mediums of course only aggravated the prevalent depression and suffering. What the guillotine subsequently failed to effect for the French assignats, one or two of the American States sought to obtain by "force-laws"-compelling everybody to accept depreciated paper goney at its face valuation. When this attempt proved abortive, it was proposed to resort to sort of "White Cap" organization, the purpose of which was the lynching of the unpatriotic people tho refused to be robbed by taking the worthless paper at par. Then the farmers and the merchants tried to boycott one another; States also employed the boycott; and others endeavored to sillage their neighbors by clapping import duties on everything passing their borders inward. Meanwhile Congress fell into atter contempt, the league of friendship" became a mere pretence, and Europe anticipated a speedy collapse for the young and unprosperous republic. Nothing can be more interesting than the study of the causes which redeemed this gloomy situation and secured real union and a central government based upon a national constitution, and few facts in history are more surprising than the indirection time since the conclusion of the war, a con interest in common possessions.

Mr. Fiske has followed up this and other seemingly obscure, but none the less powerful, agencies, and exhibited their bearing upon the tendencies of the period in an interesting manner. He has devoted much space to the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention and to consideration of ompromise upon which that instrument was ultimately based. In his remarks upon the fatality which associated slavery with the organic law he is not a together happy. When the enormous and continuous evils which the recognition of slavery in the Constitution caused are fairly considered, together with the awful sacrifice of blood and treasure which the extirpation of the abuse demanded, it is by no means so clear as this author appears to hold that it would not have been better for the Republic to endanger the nascent Union rather than consent to the establishment of the great wrong. Of course Mr. Fiske assumes that if slavery had not been consented to the Union would have collapsed; but that is after all merely a conjecture. It had lasted five years already since the end of the war, and it was doubtless infirm, it might easily have endured as long again. The admission of slavery was the beginning of disturbances which never ceased, but grew more and more serious until they culminated in secession. It drew other evils in its train. It disarranged the plan of the suffrage, gave the Southern States an unfair preponderance, and thus aggravated the irrepressible conflict from the beginning. Mr. Fiske argues that the makers of the Constitution could not foresee the revival which slavery was to enjoy. But he does not appear to perceive that this revival was in no small part due to the solemn legitimization of the system in the National Constitution. The truth is that compromise in this case proved nearly fatal. Natural justice cannot be outraged, no matter under what specious pretext, without entailing due penalties; or, as George Mason puts the ught in the Convention, "By an inevitable chain of causes and effects, Providence punishes national sins oy national calamities."

Mr. Fiske is on safe ground in discussing the mistaken theory of the British Constitution-the "literary theory," as Bagehot called it—which led the convention to apportion power between Congress and the Executive, as it supposed, in close mity to the model. In truth, the British Constitution, as at present developed, knows no such division of power, the Executive there merely an ornamental figurehead, while the House of Commons wields practically all the powers of Empire, both legislative and administrative. All the earlier writers upon the British Constitution fell into the same error, from Montesquieu downward, and therefore it was scarcely possible that the makers of the Constitution should avoid it. Its result, however, was to give the Executive powers which the British sovereign has long ceased to possess. There never was a constitution, of course, which could stand against the urgent need of the people governing mselves under it, and when necessity arises the most difficult places are certain to be circum some way. In the final resort it must always be the nation that determines the fashion of its constitution; not the constitution which compels the nation to grow abnormally.

Mr. Fiske closes his examination with the in-

uguration of Washington in 1789. In concludthis notice of an interesting book it seems necessary to remark upon a too conspicuous defect, which is a strange tendency to the employment of vulgarisms. A historical work need not be stiff or pedantic, but assuredly it should not offer so many examples of slovenly composition as are to be found in the present volume. Thus we are told that George the Third threatened to abdicate, "leaving his son to get along with the Whig statesmen." A little further on the King

is made to take " a bitter pill." Mr. Fiske knows also what the King wished "in his secret heart" - whatever part of the human anatomy that may be; Richard Oswald is described as being " scarcely close-mouthed enough for a diplomatist." Fiske thinks that "perhaps it was rather cool" in Franklin to ask England for Canada and Nova Scotia. The gentlemen in those days drank " huge quantities" of wine. The mass of the English Tories had a "holy horror" of Parliamentary reform. Here is an extraordinary sentence: There is no reason for surposing that the people were less at heart in 1781 in fighting for priceless treasure of self-government than they What is the difference between were in 1864." people's being less at heart and more at heartand what does it mean? Why also should our grandmothers' garrets be characterized as " cosy" ; Did anybody ever know a cosy garret? Why, too, should an Algerine pirate ruler be spoken of as one of these cheerful creatures"? Could not Mr. Fiske have said that in South Carolina attempts were made to coerce people into accepting paper money at par more elegantly than by writ-" if any one dared refuse, the fanatics forthwith attempted to make it hot for him"? Mr. Fishe is addicted, moreover, to the extravagant use of superlatives. Such words as "vast," mendous," "incalculable" weary the reader and weaken the impression made by the narrative. Considering that this book is based upon lectures, there is the less excuse for all this slovenly writing, for it must have passed several times through the author's hands. Mr. Fiske indeed owes it to his public no less than to himself to take lessons in English composition from some careful master before he essays to teach others.

M. O'RELL'S CREDULITY.

HIS VENERABLE AND FOOLISH STORIES.

JONATHAN AND HIS CONTINENT. through American Society.) By Max O'Rell and Jack Alyn. Translated by Madame Paul Blouet. 12mo, pp. 313. Cassell & Co.

If Mr. Max O'Rell, as he is pleased to call him self, had set down simply the impressions made upon his own mind by what he saw during his msty visit to this country, the resulting book would no doubt have been bright, shrewd, full of quaint observation and friendly satire and criticism. We all know the kind of book he would have written under such conditions. It would not have had any permanent value, but would have been eminently readable. But in his lesire to avoid the suspicion of a presumptuously ambitious purpose he has gone to the opposite extreme, distrusted his own fresh observation, permitted himself to be made the vehicle of every imaginable kind of stale jest and worn-out social satire, and, consequently, produced a volume the principal characteristic of which is its extravagant exhibition of hoary anecdotes and ante diluvian jokes. There is indeed a positively pre-Trollopy flavor about many of our genial friend's stories. They carry us back to a period long anterior to the "American Notes" of Dickens, and make us rub our eyes and almost doubt whether, notwithstanding the weight of the evidence in his favor, the author could really have been in the United States at all. Where, for instance, did he obtain that wonderful statement about the omnipresence of spittoons and the prevalence of expectoration? How many years is it since there was any truth in such a representation? Before the war, and in the West and Southwest, as also in parts of the South, the nasty habit of spitting went with the nasty hab!t of chewing. Away from the great Western cities the old practice still lingers in places, but in no centre of population North, South or West can it be observed to-day. Again, where did our author get his amazing libels upon the entire body of railroad employes He gravely asserts that incivility and even deliberate insolence to the public is the rule with these people. Surely he must have had a peculiarly unfortunate personal experience while travelling in this country, or he has suffered himself to be heaxed dreadfully. racy pervades his book. That it should be superfloial is not surprising, for even with the most conscientious and continuous observation the time revealed in those influences which proved most at his disposal permitted no careful study of peopotent in the end. The Ordinances of 1784 and ple, customs or institutions. But inasmuch as 1787 appear at first sight in no way calculated three out of every four of its statements are mis-to assist in the cementing of the Union; yet it is now clear that they were important aids to it, in- of fiction are far more absurd, speaking generally, smuch as they gave all the States, for the first than they need have been; and though there is plenty of friendly feeling and no malice in th book, it is curiously disappointing even when regarded merely as the lightest of light reading.

In Europe no doubt the case is different. In its French dress " Jonathan and His Continent" will be eagerly perused by Parisians, to whose unsophisticated minds its "old Joes" will appear as the freshest and drollest of American humor, while its Munchausenisms will be credited with a childlike confidence worthy of a better cause. It is difficult to imagine what part in this odd production belongs to "Jack Allyn." Max O'Rell thinks that, as his "collaborator is an American citizen, some, at least, of the statements here set down regarding Jonathan ought to have weight and authority." Is it possible that his "collabcrator" also was in the plot to humbug the author, as his impressario certainly must have been if some of the statements attributable to him are genuine? The chapter which treats of the American domestic servant is less exaggerated than most of its predecessors, the behavior of the "duchesses," as Max O'Rell calls them, in a good many of the second and third class hotels being often cruelly haughty and withering, as many crushed travellers can testify. But even where the criticism is fundamentally sound, the illustrations employed are usually so ancient and fishlike as to destroy the reader's enjoyment. There is nothing to make an American angry, in short, between the covers of Max O'Rell's book, but there is much to make him tired; and it is better for the success of a book that it should irritate than that it should fatigue.

AN UNSATISFACTORY MARRIAGE

CARLYLE AND HIS WIFE THE STORY OF THOMAS CARLYLE. By A. S. Arnold. 12mo, pp. 371. Scribner & Welford.

This is a well-meant and faithfully executed endeavor to present the life of Carlyle in a more dispassionate and judicial aspect than is offered by the dyspeptic self-accusations of the subject himself and the not wholly impartial journals of his wife. The view taken by the author, and supported by much evidence skilfully introduced, is that Jane Welsh Carlyle suffered all her life from the crossing of her early love for Edward Irving; that she was moved to accept Carlyle by ambition, not affection; and that when he had become famous, she found herself still not happy, restless, dissatisfied, because she had never been deeply and truly attached to her husband. In this bock she is represented as a woman with a bright mind, bitter tongue and cool heart, but with a sense of duty which made her a faithful companion and helpmate until, after many years of comparatively peaceful married life, she conceived a most unreasonable but persistent jealousy of Lady Harriet Ashburton, who had become one of Carlyle's warmest and closest friends. From that time until the death of Lady Ashburton Mrs. Carlyle maintained very strained relations with her husband, going so far, on more than one occasion, as to leave his house and stay away for weeks or months together.

Carlyle's defects are not blinked or palliated. It is recognized that his absorption in his work, his extreme irritability when busy, his moodiness and occasional bursts of ill-humor, however in the main traceable to his dyspepsia, rendered him frequently anything but a cheerful or amiable companion. His extreme nervous sensibility must have reacted with almost intolerable force upon the equally sensitive temperament of his wife. She was a woman who yearned for social distinc tion, longed to be a leader in society, and felt herself fettered by the necessities of her hubsand's

ness; that he was fully aware of her old love for Irving and her regrets because of the frustration of her hopes in that direction; that he none the less continued to love her with his whole heart, and only lamented the conditions which kept them asunder through life. The general tendency of the argument is to modify the view which Mr. Froude's publications built up concerning the sup-posititious martyrdom of Mrs. Carlyle. In these pages she appears as a keen, strong-minded, not very sweet-tempered, but decidedly snappish, woman, prone to the dangerous indulgence of self-pity, not above a mideading exaggeration in speaking of her own sufferings, permanently injured in character by her false step in marrying without love, and in all respects quite as well fitted to try the patience of a philosopher as to fill the role of a domestic sacrifice. Miss Arnold believes that she never understood

or sympathized with Carlyle, though she was proud of his fame and genius; and she adduces plenty of proof in support of this conclusion. She also shows that in many instances when Mrs. Carlyle represented her case as being most pitiable and herself as borne down by a crushing burden of usehold work, she must be taken in quite a Pickwickian sense, the facts being altogether incompatible with her statements. At some of these times she was really spending a good part of her time lying on the sofa reading novels, which could not have been possible had she been a slave to housekeeping. Moreover, she was one of those wives who take special delight in girding at heir husbands in the presence of others; a practice than which none better calculated to harrow up the most equable masculine temper could be conceived cf. Yet Carlyle, as a rule, submitted to this exasperating kind of attack with exemplary patience, and even his wife, who has set down so many things against him, never accused him of turning upon her angrily after the company had left.

The impression produced by the whole narrative (which it may be well to say is based upon very little absolutely new material) will probably be that it is a perfectly conscientious and, in a sense, unprejudiced effort to clear the memory of Carlyle, and that it tends to reconstruct the too one-sided picture of bim given to the world by Mr. Froude. The autobiography unquestionably did the greatest mischief. The estimation in which Carlyle will be held finally depends upon the view taken by posterity of his writings. Literary fame is unaffected by such personal controversies as have unfortunately been conducted over his grave. The case of Byron-a much more aggravated one, so far as mere accusation is concernedis strongly in point. Perhaps the ultimate opinion upon the domestic episode will be that the union of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh was in the nature of both the parties to it destined to be unhappy; that Carlyle needed a very different woman for a wife, and Mrs. Carlyle a very different man for a husband; but that, on the whole, they lived with as little friction and as much content as could reasonably have been expected; and that but for the deplorable publicity given to the matter their married life was as little remarkable and as little deserving of passionate reprehension or passionate defence as the lives of millions of everyday people who have their storms and calms, their quarrels and reconciliations, yet contrive to get on together in the main peaceably and keep a good face to the world.

CURRENT NOVELS.

MRS. COOKE'S NEW STORY. STEADPAST: The Story of a Saint and a Sinner.

Rose Terry Cooke. 12mo. pp. 426. nor di Co. A STIFF-NECKED GENERATION. By L. B. Wal-ford. 16mo. pp. 468. Henry Holt & Co. A FAIR EMIGRANT. By Rosa Mulholland. 12mo.

A FAIR EMIGRANT. By Ross Mulholland. 12mo.
pp. 374. D. Appleton & Co.
pp. 330. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
THE SERPENT TEMPTED HER. By Saqui Smith.
12mo. pp. 181. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Mrs. Cooke's novel is a New-England story of
colonial times; of the period wherein Church and State
were closely allied, and when the authority of the
first was apt to interfere, at times arbitrarily and unreasonably, with the freedom of the individual. Though
the author calls this the story of a saint and a sinner. he author calls this the story of a saint and a sinner. there is more than one saint in it, and also more than one sinner. The saint singled out for titular repesentation, however, is the Rev. Philemon Hall, and it is undeniable that he is a very noble and beautiful character. Promised in youth to a sweet girl, he finds, on returning home after an absence, that rheu-Philemon does not hesitate, but marries Rachel at once, and thereafter devotes himself to her most deli-cately and tenderly. She become the village saint. Lying belpless there all the virtues expand, all the earthiness is purged from her. She grows more purely spiritual year after year, until at length she is The discipline of this experience has, of course, ennobled and strengthened the young min-

ster, and prepared him for further trials. The "sinner" is Eather Dennis, a beautiful girl, of an impassioned and extremely sensitive temperament, whose spirit has strong worldly tendencies, and who falls in love with a spontanelty and thoroughness indicating one of those impulsive and plastic characters which seem almost predestined to misery and betrayal. Esther also, in accordance with the class of which the is a type, falls in love with the wrong man: a hard, cold, selfish creature, who accepts her devotion as an amusing fact, diverts himself with her, and presently employs her as a tool to commit the crime of destroying a will which would have snatched an expected inheritance from him. That done, he coolly marries another woman. Now, poor Esther is so much of a sinner that she does not cease to love the wicked Philip, even when so deserted by him. In fact, she goes on loving him even after she has discovered all his iniquity—for in destroying her uncle's will she had robbed herself alone, but Philip had deceived her into thinking that by destroying the will she would benefit the church. The bringing together of the saint and the sinner, their premature marriage, and the manner in which Parson Hill finally wins the love of his wife, form the principal events of the tale, which is very skilfully plotted and worked out, and s full of the spirit and color of the time. It may indeed be thought that the quaint local flavor which indeed be thought that the quantities and which Mrs. Cooke knows so well how to impact, and which so strongly individualizes the talk of Delia and Hiram, Deacon Hopkins, Miss Tempy and Aunt Ruthy, belongs, strictly speaking, to a later period. Perhaps t does. Perhaps Mrs. Cooke's dialect is a little too modern. But were it more in harmony with the time written of, it would probably be much loss sympathetic

and interesting.

Sybil is a second (or third) saint. She, indeed, does not attract the reader greatly, her idea of duty being plainly narrow and delusive, and consequently her martyrdom a waste of capacity for endurance. A woman who allows a theological quibble to stand between her and her heart's happiness must always rather be an object for wonder than for admiration. Esther is a far more interesting figure than Sybil, and when the latter becomes a Pastestant nun, one feels that the she has found her vecation. Philemon Hall's long conflict with the blgoted and despotic Con sociation is, as Mrs. Cooke's preface states, matter of history, and there is nothing in the story in the least difficult to accept, considering the period. The Parson is a grand conception, and the whole episode of his married life with Esther is powerfully and admirably dealt with. Some of the chords touched feelingly by Mrs. Cooks have almost ceased to respond to this generation, and she herself goes out of spond to this generation, and an interest goes dut her way to quanifest her antipathy to certain modern currents of thought, the only result being to show that she is peculiarly fitted to treat such topics as she has chosen in this instance. "Steadfast" is a and has chosen in this instance. Steadfast's is a decidedly clever and strong story, obaracterized by elevation of tone, keen insight and a rare apprecia-tion of and faculty for reproducing the best type of hew-England humor.

Mrs. Walford's brilliant novel is a document illus trating the spirit of caste in English society, and some of the most striking of these filustrations appear to have been unintended by the author. The unobtruded have been unintended by the author. The unobruded moral is that people of the middle classes ought not to seek matrimonial alliances among the landed gentry and aristocracy, for if they do they are sure to shock the delicate feelings of their social superiors by their ill breeding, and no matter how many manly or womanly virtues they possess, their want of the cachet of good society will condemn them to ostracism. This is the doctrine imparted by the story of Major Gdbert, who, while really one of the strongest characters in the book, and while decidedly the most prompt and serviceable in action, is condemned to be cruelly jilled by the heroine, and then dispatched. to Burmah to be ignobly killed in a night attack upon some native rebal force.

Not the least interesting fact is the evident belief

of the author in the soundness of the social doctrine thus illustrated. There is little suspicion of satire in her work. She draws the two social classes vigorously, truly and clearly. She perhaps makes the Gilberts too unsophisticated, for a middle-class family so rich as they were could not, at least in these days, he distinguished from the most aristocratic in point of comfort and even luxury of living. Nor could a major in the army have falled to acq a greater pelish than Major Gilbert displays. these particulars Mrs. Walford is open to the charge of approaching dangerously near caricature, in fact, No doubt the desire of marking the differences between these people and those of King's Common and the Abbby as emphatically as possible accounts for this exaggeration in part, but it is not the less at fault. Still the foibles of the superior folk are en-tortainingly exhibited. Lady Caroline and her housetortainingly exhibited. Lady Caroline and her house-hold, Lady Julia and hers, the Waterfields, the family councils and discussions, Mr. Liscard, the extinguished head of the house who is only known as the husband of Lady Caroline—all these are defily conceived and executed, and with an admirable truth to the prevail-ing conventions. The figure of Lord Hartland is inter-testing, but he takes too long in finding out what eating, but he takes too long in finding out what is in his own mind. He is too prone to morbid and weak proceedings, though a fine fellow at bottom, and fastidiously honorable. It is an uncommonly clever and interesting novel.

The author of "A Fair Emigrant" startles he American readers at first by speaking of a Minnesota settler as being "in the bush," and by mixing up backwoods and prairies in the oddest way. fortunate settler referred to makes a large fortune without meaning to, and dies, leaving to his daughter a dishonored name and a handsome estate. She forthwith resolves to devote her life to clearing his reputation—he has been accused of a murder which he did not commit—and she goes to Ireland to accom-plish her self-imposed task. The story deals with the adventures that befall her while upon this mission, and affords opportunity for some pleasant de-scription of decidedly idealized phases of Irish life. According to the regulation in such cases made and provided, the heroine falls in love with the man whom it is most important that she should not fall in love with. Hence the usual complications and entanglements, the clearing up of the reason for the second motety of the story, one original thing in the book is the episode of one original thing in the book is the contact of the two old brothers who inhabit a horrible wreck of a manor-house together, and starve and keep in the same condition a bedridden above, approach to whose chamber involves positive risk of life, so rotten are chamber involves positive risk of fire, so rotten are
the corridors and staircases. The description of the
old ruin is really striking and haunting. Bawn,
the herotne, is a sweet and wholesome conception,
though not very consistent in the maintenance of her
disguise; in fact, she does not succeed in keeping
her identity from those who ought not to know it.
The story is not without some power, and may be
read with interest.

There is much dramatic strength in the little story "The Serpent Tempted Her." which is supposed to be the confession left by a suicide, who has committed a murder of which an innocent man has been convicted. It is a story of weman's meckness and selfvicted. It is a story of weman's meekness and self-sacrifice, man's selfishness and failure to interpret facts; a woful confession wound up by a sangulnary revenge. There is matter enough for a three-volume novel, but the author has packed it closely, and the result is to give it an air of excessive sensationalism which really does the work less than justice. There is one unnatural occurrence in it—the elopement of Nellic Raymond with Walter Toole because her betrothed did not understand her. Such a woman never could have deluded horself into accepting so absurdly inadequate an excess for throwing away honor, ilfo and love together. With this exception, Saqui Smith's tale is readable enough. could have detuned inadequate an excess for and love together. With tale is readable enough.

LITERARY NOTES.

That the establishment of international copyright will not make books any more expensive in this country is conceded by everybody who understands the publishing business and the demands of the American public. Publishers will adjust them-selves to the public, not the public to the publishers. There have been suggestions that the three-volume novel of England, with its absurdly high price, will be folded upon us. That's nonsense; no publisher in America would be such an idiot as to publish book that he couldn't sell.

Mr. Nicholas P. Gilman has written a work on industrial partnerships which Houghton & Mifflin will shortly publish. It is entitled "Profit Sharing Be-tween Employer and Employe; a Study in the Evolution of the Wages System."

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's forthcoming novel is said to be satirical in tone, to be "highly intellectual in vein" and to "recall the style of George Eliot."

The late Dr. Francis Hueffer's work on the music of Victoria's reign is now passing through the press. In this book, Dr. Hueffer has confined himself to the movement which in the past half century has excited the keenest controversy in the musical world. The "Music of the Future" is the subject treated, with special reference to Berlioz, Wagner and Liszt-their own doings in England, the advance of their works, and the influence those composers and their matic fever has crippled her hopelessly. She is, in followers have exercised upo contemporary art. Dr. Hueffer collected a large number of facts and not generally known, and he has thrown, it is said, somewhat new light upon the whole subject.

Miss Olive Shreiner (" Ralph Iron"), the author of The Story of An African Farm," sends this brief autobiography to the February "Book Buyer": "My father was a German, born in Wurtemberg. He studied at Basel, and went to South Africa as a missionary. My mother is English, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and for generations my ancestors have been

"I was born in the heart of South Africa, on a solltary mission station. I was many years old before I saw a town. My father died many years ago. My mother has become a Roman Catholic and is living in a convent in South Africa.

"I came to England for the first time seven years ago and then published the 'African Farm,' which I had written in Africa. The first English edition was published in 1882. I have made stories ever since could remember; long before I could write I used to wribble on sheets of paper, imagining that I was writing them. I began 'An African Farm' when I was almost child, but left it for some years before I finished it."

A library attendant chronicles these queer mistakes of readers: "A young lady wanted Marion Crawford's 'Saracinesca' and wrote on the slip 'Cyrus and esca.' Another young lady wanted Bertha Clay's 'Throne on the World.' One boy wanted one of Oliver Twist's books about 'Little Dorritt,' and another asked for one of Roe's books, but he didn't want 'Hain't got any home.'

journal, "The London Globe." It concedes that jokes are undoubtedly made in the States as they are in other countries, and adds: "Humor there certainly is smong that great and free people—mostly bad humor. The Hailburtons, Lowells and Holmes' are few and far between. Artemus Ward, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Max Adeler, Stockton, the authors of 'Helen's Babies' and 'A Bad Boy's Diary,' aim lower, but give us genuine amusement of an honest kind. But when these have been mentioned, what names remain to be added! Who have they got to pit against the authors of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pickwick,' 'Essays of Elia,' 'Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures, 'Alice in Wonderland, 'Vice Versa,' 'Happy Thoughs,' 'The Bab Ballads, 'The Jumblies'-to mention only a few of the works of great English humorists of lafe years? And if Europe is to be included, what of Murger, About, Saphir, and the rest? America's claim cannot be algwed for a moment. In the 'humor' of the paragraphist she is rich. And this 'humor' is manufact ared by wretched men often with wretched spelling out of wretched materials. 'What is new is not good and what is good is not new.' " How crushing and funny all this is !

"La Jeune Fille" is the title of the monthly magazine which the Queen of the Belgians has just started The Queen herself is to write about household affairs and theatrical matters; her youngest daughter, Princess Clementine, will write on art and literature and her daughter, Stephanie, Crown Princess of Austria, will make the pictures. Carmen Sylva will write the poems—a fact for which English-reading people may be grateful; for, to tell the truth, this good Queen's mild and well-intentioned verse is becoming something of a bore, and it will be pleasant to note their publication in another lan

The personal traits of Herbert Spencer have en The personal traits of Herbert Spencer have entered so little into the gossip of the day that people will like to read these details set forth by a female novelist: "Mr. Spencer ran away from his uncle's house because he abhorred dead languages, and he has abhorred dead languages, and he has abhorred dead languages over since. Mr. Spencer has not written any of his works; he has always dictated his thoughts to an amanuonsis. I once, one Christmas, witnessed the philosopher his, or rather attempt to kiss, a lady. It was on Christmas Day, after dinner, and we were all sitting in the billiard-room. He did it quite openly, quite philosophically, in fact. He produced a small sprig of mistietoe out of his pocket and held it above her head. I did not see what happened, I was so much head. I did not see what happened, I was so much asionished. He had known her from the time she was a baby until that Christmas; and I believe he

knows her still, that is to say, I understand she has forgiven bim. I have not seen Mr. Spencer since he lost his health, but I hear that he suffers from mental depression, and that he is so weak he can only talk to friends for a few minutes.

"Once Mr. Spencer took me out for a walk. As the little boy said of his grandmother, 'Her thoughts were too high for me, and my thoughts were too low for her, so we never said nothing.' Our walk took place in silence. Before we went indoors, Mr. Spencer stood still, looking very serious, and said, You have a bad habit of wrinkling your forehead. If you place three or four strips of sticking-plaster across it when you go to bed you will be cured of this trick.' Mr. Spencer used to be very foul of children before he lost his health; and they liked bim, and were not afraid of him. I remember how surprised I was to hear the youngsters chating him

I who had found a temporary salvation in his 'First Principles'—a book which pointed out to me the high-water mark of the human intellect. Mr. Spencer snubs young men, but he is very kind to young women.

The first number of "Leif Erikson," a weekly paper whose object is to secure recognition of the fact that Leif Erikson discovered America, and to have him given the honor that is his due for this achievement," has just been issued in Chicago. Its editor, Miss Marie A. Brown, states that this paper will work for: The recognition of Leff Erikson as the discoverer of America.

of America.

2. The unmasking of Columbus as an impostor, the chosen tool of the Roman Catholic Church, commissioned to find the Western Continent, by dint of information acquired, in Rome and Iceland, for the purpose of affording that Church extensive new territory for the seat of its future temperal power.

3. The prevention of the Columbus celebration.

4. The resistance of all encroachments, of whatever nature, or the part of the Church of Rome.

It asks the earnest and devoted support of all who acknowledge the justice of Leif Erikson's claim and who realize the mighty interests involved in this struggle for the truth.

It is said that Lord Tennyson doesn't like to have his poems reprinted in collections.

AN ANARCHIST.

HIS GREAT SOCIAL MOVEMENT.

APOSTLE OF MOUTH. Ottomar Hebern Rothacker in America.

I am an Anarchisi. Twenty-two years ago I walked out of a machine shop on a "strike" and have never returned. I have ceased to work, on principle. I saw early that industry was a cunning sophistry which made men the tools of capital. Men with grovelling minds—men who sink their ruanhood that they may support their families—cannot see this, but I can.

they may support their families—cannot see this, but I can.

I will not sell my freedom for wages. Capital cannot bribe me with its slavish proposals. I live for an idea. Besides, I don't want to work.

How do I find means to exist? This is easy enough. No great movement can progress without funds. Therefore, I have never been in favor of general strikes. The cunning of corporative greed must be met by equal cunning on the part of organized labor. A sufficient number of men must work to iterative assessments to support those who are out. I am always out, hence I favor the idea that a certain percentage of mechanics remain at work to provide means to carry on the war. They must sacrifice themselves for the general good. I regard myself as a part of the general good. I is it charity I receive? No, it is my shaue of a war tax. Something is due me for the wear and tear of my mouth. Once I had other means of subsistence. My wife was a poor creature who could not appreciate my lofty ideas, yet even she did her part in the economy of nature. She worked.

It used to grind my proud soul to have her go out teach day to the wide house of our tyrants to do

nature. She worked.

It used to grind my proud soul to have her go out each day to the gilded homes of our tyrants to do washing, but, after all, it was to get the sinews of war from the enemy, and when I thought of this I subdued my pride.

Here again the destroine sillent as a case of the sillent a

each day to the glided homes of our tyrants to do washing, but, after all, it was to got the sinews of washing, but, after all, it was to got the sinews of washing, but, after all, it was to got the sinews of washing, but, after all, it was to got the sinews of washing but, after all, it was to got the sinews of washing with a manufact. Thousands of Chinese cooles and itself manifest. Thousands of Chinese cooles and itself manifest. Thousands of Chinese cooles and the field in which my wife labored. Our cand work she was compelled to extend the field in which my wife labored. Our cand work harder than ever. Our which I had talked almost with from some mount the pecessity for a general division of labor, and found her, with wan face and tired and, at the country is seen above the peces of fatigue. As the memory rises I feel my harred for the greed and tyranny of wealth increase and intensity.

Where is she now? Dead! The struggle ras to got my many many of wealth increase and intensity.

Where is she now? Dead! The struggle ras to got my many many of wealth made it. Standing by her cheap great, and she sank under it. Standing by her cheap great, and she sank under it. Standing by her cheap great, and she sank under it. Standing by her cheap great, and she sank under it. Standing by her cheap great, and she sank under it. Standing by her cheap great, and she sank under it. Standing by her cheap great, and she sank under it. Standing by her cheap great, and she sank under it. Standing by her cheap great, and she sank under it. Standing by her cheap great, and she sank under it. Standing by her cheap great, and she sank under it. Standing by her cheap great, and she sank under it. Standing by her cheap great, and she sank under it. Standing by her cheap great, and the great and which has since limited in any or the care with a standing down upon the care work and the great and with the standing down upon the care work and the great and the great

an advertisement of "male help wanted" without a shudder.

I balong to the proletariat. This is a French word. It has not begun to mean much here yet, but it will in time. Our central idea is a very simple one. We believe in dividing up among ourselves everything that other people have got. This will level the distinctions of class. It will prevent the luxury in idleness which holds itself above want in idloness.

It may be said that the wealthy have worked for their riches, but this is a mere pretext. If they are so fend of labor, let them go back to it, when we have taken what they have, and earn more. We will probably reed it when the time comes for another division. I deny, however, that I am idle. My wits are always at work. I labor in thought. A sneering seeffer once described this toil by saying that I worked in my mind. He did not know that beneath his ribaldry there was a great truth. I even have a certain sort of flerce energy. No one who has seen me with a subscription paper will deny this.

I hate society. I regard prosperity as a personal

with a subscription paper will deny this.

I hate society. I regard prosperity as a personal insuit. Language cannot comprehend my contempt for the spiritiess creature who grinds away his life for the petry satisfaction of seeing his children clothed, fed, and coucated. Compared to the broad idea of universal liberty, what is a man's family but inconsequential detail? To be a slave to it proves an incapacity to understand great thoughts. It is the weakness of a mind pliable and easily affected.

I have been called an enemy of society. I am. I despise the hollow, selfish hypocrisy of industry and sobriety. It is a pharisalcal effort of one man to make himself better than his fellows. I do not believe in this. It is grossly contrary to our idea that all men should be equal. If my child is hungry, why should another man's child be fed! It may be said because the other man feeds him, but this is a specious plea. It is an effort to attack the great doctrine of a community of possession by a tricky technicality.

Of course, these people have their uses.

specious piea. It is all constraints and contribute of a community of possession by a tricky technicality.

Of course, these people have their uses. The great plan of nature is never at fault. If it were not for them there would not be, when the grand millennium of division comes, anything to divide. Therefore, we suffer them to continue to exist. We know they are working for us, and we gloat as we think of the punishment their, avaries will receive when the great hour comes. Were it not for this—and the police—our patience would the for this—and the police—our patience would cease to try caution. We would lay waste the materialized insolence of their homes, and compel them to surrender the fruits of their shameful toil. But I connael continued calmness in action. For the present we must carry on the great struggle with our lungs. I am afraid of rashness and the militia.

All great evils have small beginnings. So has the will of a spiritless concession to capital. My life having been composed largely of leisure, I have studied this question deeply. Sitting alone, in some humble saloon whose proprietor had just opened up, and had not, in the coarse language of the street, "caught on to me yet." I have, far sway from the din and noise of the shops, reflected upon means to ennoble toil.

Before proceeding to explain my inspiration, it may be well to lay down some general propositions. I already said that I am a Socialist and in favor of a division of property, but I have always counseled caudion. When the world is not ready for your theory you should not put it into practical operation. If you do, the law, which is simply a petrified prejudice, will step in the second of the

the law, which is simply a petrified prejudice, will step in.

I recollect the case of a young man whom I once impressed so profoundly with my doctrine that he broke into a house the same night and carried off some silverware. This was socialism in its crude state, and he suffered the marryrdom which is always the lot of a prisoner in a great progressive cause. He was sent up for ten years. I glorified in his carnestness, but I deprecated his rashness. It is better to meet force with cunning. He should have waited until the family went to the country. But what else can you expect from the hot blood of youth?

I hold that every true workingman had cause for complaint. If he hasn't he is not a true workingman. If he is getting poor wages he is being ground down. If he is getting good wages he is being luilled into a false sense of security. Indeed, I would lay it down as a safe general rule that when a man is well paid and is content his rights are in the most serious danger. He may think he is getting them when he is only forgetting them. Confidence is the ruln of labor. It is then that it should arouse itself and strike.

is only forgetting them.

Ishor. It is then that it should arouse itself and strike.

The workingman may be at a loss for a reason why to strike, but this is the more suspicious. It is evidence that he has been overcached by the keener wit dence that he has been overcached by the keener wit of capital. It is always safe to say that some one is being persecuted, and an injury to one is an injury to all. The time to show your independence and to attack capital is when there is apparently no cause for attack. It proves that you are superior to mere ordinary commercial considerations.

But your family will starve, you say? What of that? No true man will feed his family at the expense of his rights. It should never be forgotten that the benevolence of capital is patronage; that its generosity is a snare, that its apparent sympathy is simply a cumping sham born of a shister motive. Capital has never paironaged me. It knew better, I had the true endurance from the start.

I can recollect that when I was out on my strike there was everything at home to dannt even the strongest soul. The children were ragged and hungry.

NOT A PIMPLE ON HIM NOW.

Bad with Eczema. Hair all gone. Scalp covered w eruptions. Thought his hair would never gre Cared by Caticara Remedies. Hair aplendid a not a pimple on him.

I cannot say enough in praise of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. My boy, when one year of ago, was so bad with eccuma that he lost all of his hair. His scalp was covered with cruptons, which the dectors said was scalableed, and that his hair would never grow again was scalableed, and that his hair would never grow again to the ULTICURA REMEDIES. and, I am happy to say, with the most perfect success. His hair is now abjected, and the most person all the second of the second control of the

Mrs. M. E. WOODSUM, Norway, Maine

Severe Scalp Disease Cured.

A few weeks ago my wife suffered very much from a putaneous disease of the scain, and received no relief from the various remedies she used until she tried CUTICURA. The disease promptly yielded to this treatment, and in a shore while she was entirely well. There has been no return of the disease, and CUTICURA ranks No. 1 in our of the disease, and Collinson for diseases of the skin.

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Raleigh, N. C. com Pimples to Scrofula Cured.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease from pimples to scrouls.

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EF Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 page illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

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It was winter, and there was no fire except what could be made of bits of wood picked up here and there. But I never qualled. I would remain at the Laborer's Best all day discussing the creat questions of the hour. One night I went home late, and my wife and the children were still up, hollowed and crying.

What have you brought us? she saked.

"A set of resolutions." I replied.

The answer was Homeric. In that instant she recognized her mission, and the next day she went out to take in washing. It is this split with which we should attack the tyrant. As long as we are affected by a little temporary suffering we will break down.

affected by a little temporary suffering we will break down.

Education is the workingman's greatest danger. This principle I discovered myself. I saw long ago that when a man took to resding and picked up a little false culture, his ideas changed. He no longer regarded himself as a plundered victim. He gained absurd notions as to the sacredness of a contract. He denied that this is a free country in which one set of men can prevent another set from working if the general good is involved. He fell an easy victim to that trickery of wealth which is linear as commercial law. He lost faith in the dectrine that he has just as much right, and more, to what another man has earned as the man hipself. He glided insensibly into the sentimental weakhers of wanting to see his children "get on in the world"—that damnable heterodoxy which has always been the enemy of our cause.

Heresy of the hearthstone! But for you there would be no wealth anywhere, and everybody would be happy. I was never lund by your siren song. I was never tempted by your soft snare. Freely, and with Roman fortitude I gave up those who loved me to the bitterness of winter and to the savage suilenness of hunger. All that I had I sacrificed. Excepting, of course, myself. I was necessary to the cause. Tharefore, it is that I warn the workingman against education. If he were educated, what would I do!

Arbitration is a ruse. We should never arbitrate

ingman against education. If he were educated, what would I do?

Arbitration is a ruse. We should never arbitrate unless we are allowed to appoint all the arbitrators. Labor creates capital, and the creator should not dicker with the creature. Of course our labor may not be the creature, but this is of trifling consequence. It is too small in importance to disturb the general proposition. We must represent the ignorant who will not join with us, no matter how much they object. We must save them in spite of themselves.

Men who will not younteer must be drafted! There can be no compromise in war. We need their sympathy and their assessments. I have never hesitated to accept aid, even from an enemy, if it came in negotiable shape. Our struggle is for freedom, and we must make everybody join us. We must improve the condition of labor, if every shop in the country has to be closed.

Of course this is not meant literally. Some men will have to work, or how would the propagandists in ever in a condition to stand breakfast, anyhow.

partner, and the legal talent of the lumor partners, merchants will realize the advantages of consigning goods to this firm." The second illustration is this; old John Tyler, the auctioneer, of whom I shall have much to say in the future, was one day, selling a vessel at auction, and Andrews was one of the chief bidders. Tyler was annoyed by the latter's constant interruptions. "Coppered and copper fastened" were the guarantees of a well-built ship. Tyler had iterated and reiterated these facts, when Andrews broke in with the inquiry, "Mr. Tyler is she thoroughly copper fastened!"

This aroused the ire of old John, never, at the best,

with the inquiry, "Mr. Tyler is suc thoroughly copper
fastened!"

This aroused the ire of old John, never, at the best,
a peaceably disposed man, and he reared out, standing
up in his chaise: "See here, Andrews, if any man
should ask me if you were a gentleman, I should say
'yes'. If any man should ask me if you were a merchant, I should say 'yes'; but"—and here he looked at
Andrews—"if any man should ask me if you were a
gentleman and a thoroughbred merchant, I should say.
'Judge for yourselves, gentlemen.' And I am offered
..."

Andrews retired.

A TEN-FOOT MOUNTAIN LIUS.
Portland (Ore.) Dispatch to The St. Louis Globe-Dem-

Portland (Ore.) Dispatch to The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Henry Kappel, a saddler of this city, had the most exciting sport of his life on Christmas day. He went hunting on Sanbies Island, a few miles down the river, armed only with a hunting knife, and a double-barrelled shotgun. The largest game he was looking for was geese, and when a cougar ton feet long came out of the brush and confronted him, he was anxious to give the animal all the room he wanted, but the cougar's showed fight and made a leap at Kappel, who sprang aside and shot the animal in the neek. The cougar's second apring was also unsuccessful, but the contents of the second barrel was sent fairly into the feroclous animal's eyes and stretched him on the ground, where he was quickly dispatched. The beast measured a little over ten feet (including tail') and is the largest cougar killed in Oregon. For over a year the farmers in Columbia County have suffered from depredations of this animal, which was fond of calves and young lambs. Soveral parties were organized to kill him, but could never track the animal to his hiding-place.

TOBACCO SMOKE A DISINFECTANT. W. Mattleu Williams in The Gentleman's Magazia

W. Mattieu williams in The Gontleman's Magazine.

The experiments of V. Tassinari will rejoice the hearts of many smokers. He cemented together by their wide months two glass funnels so as to form a cigar-holder with a large chamber in the middle. In this chamber was suspended from a loop of platinum a small piece of linen. At one end of this cigar-holder was a plug of cotton wool acting as a smoke filter. A cigar was plaged in the other end. lighted and smoked secundum arten, the mouth of the smoker being attached to the filtering end. By this arrangement the piece of linen was surrounded by a dense cloud of tobacco smoke.

At the end of half an haur, during which three and a half to four grammes (about one-eighth of an punce) of tobacco was smoked, the chamber was opened and the linen allowed to fall into a test-tube containing fluid griatine in which were planted colonies of seven varieties of pathogenic microbia, including those of cholers, anthrax (chicken cholera), and pneumonia. In every instance there was a marked delay in the development of these colonies as compared with what occurred in similar test-tubes charged with the same, but not exposed to tobacco smoke; the development of some was entirely prevented by the tobacco smoke. The special charittuent of the smoke that has this effect is to be the subject of further investigation.

I venture to suggest a practical application. There is little doubt that contagious diseases are in these days frequently communicated by the aid of railway carriages, excelaily first-class carriages, seeing that their cushions and padding supply nurseles for microbia, and that invalids usually travel by first-class, even those who would take third-class if in full health-to-communicated by the aid of railway carriages, che cloth linings of which have been subjected to a treatment similar to that of the piece of linen suspended in Sig. Tassinarits experimental smoking compariment.

A Slow Town.—New Yorker—Well, well: Philadelinhia. Whiladelinhia.—Whiladelinhia.—Whiladelinhia.—Whiladelinhia.—Whiladelinhia.—Whiladelinhia.—I took a ride in a cab and the driver did not charge me any more than the legal fare."—(Philadelinhia Record.

H. M. Silverman & Co., FINE FURS, 12 EAST 18TH ST.